

Deep Throat Jr (M),

3/3/75

whatever he is, is not any kind of "Deep Throat."

He is an engineer with the Army's Diamond Ordnance Laboratory who has a photographic sideline.

He had called me because his source and "friend" had received a cryptic warning, or so they took it, when his mobilization code was phoned to him at 2 a.m. Friend found out that it was a phoney from his reserve (intelligence) superiors. Instead of copping out entirely when he broke the date for next Sunday, he came promptly yesterday. We spoke for more than an hour, an hour taped.

Friend/source is a Marine who was stationed in Germany, he says; a schoolteacher who lives in a trailer and has applied for a job paying more than teaching school but also requiring a security clearance.

I did not press him on friend's name. "Friend" now scared.

This man, Mel M., is about 6'2-3', heavysset, receding hairline and with brown eyes that seem to say he knows it is all false. They suggest an emotional problem. If he does not have one his "friend" does from this story, which requires that not less than 1,000 have kept their mouths closed for 11 years plus.

The EW of his letter is Edwin Walker, top man in the conspiracy. The rest is like a poor novel, a cheap imitation of that other cheap imitation, Executive Action.

The motive of his conspiracy is money: all those corporate fatcats were afraid of losing foreign-aid money and were looking ahead 20 years. JFK policy change.

After listening to this tale I started asking a few mild questions, questions that to a thinking man would have destroyed the whole thing. He had ready answers and explanations. They seemed to satisfy him. I told him they did not satisfy me. I told him his "friend" was needlessly worried, that if he had been in danger, ~~x~~ the years had ended it.

He met this "friend" socially, at a group that is like one connected with a church. He has made slides of Zaprider frames and other materials. Learning of this is what prompted "friend" to tell him story.

He wants to use my 26 volumes for making more pictures. I told him easier to get the pix he might want by buying them at the Archives. Discouraged as much as I could politely.

Probably his selection of a code name, a needless one, and the nature of that code name, tells the whole story, of the role in which he had this hope of casting himself. Sick.

There appears to be a similar thing in Saturday's mail.

HW

He has all my printed books, parts of which I recognized.